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We wish you a happier and warmer New Year.

Don't call on the Oldest Inhabitant to-day; you don't have to.

The next thing for the government to do is to take over the coal mines.

Two feet of snow would make a fitting climax to the present outburst of winter.

Nothing is being heard nowadays from Theodore Roosevelt. Perhaps he is satisfied with the progress being made in this country.

Christmas passed on all the war fronts without excessive spilling of human blood. It was a virtual armistice although not prearranged.

The milkman has not had the most pleasant of jobs during the past two days. When most people were just beginning to stick their noses out of doors in the morning he has been completing his rounds.

New Hampshire's savings banks suffered no more than did similar institutions in Vermont from the floating of two issues of Liberty bonds. It is probable that they will not suffer in any harder proportion when the third great loan is floated.

We Americans are inclined to chortle too long over single minor successes. For instance, two American destroyers sank a German submarine and captured the crew nearly two months ago; and the navy department is just now elucidating the details of the encounter. Meanwhile big and memorable acts are being performed by the other belligerents, and they say little about them. We must become a nation of doers rather than talkers.

The reported abdication of King Ferdinand of Rumania is not likely to be reassuring news to the Kaiser of Germany although Rumania is arrayed against Germany in the war. If it is true that Ferdinand has given up the struggle against the rising tide of sentiment in opposition to monarchical form of government the action brings William II. one step nearer to the day when he himself will have to yield to the pressure inside his own nation. Monarchy is doomed to elimination from the world after the splendid example of the success of popular government in the United States. It may not be the Kaiser's turn next, but the day is surely coming when he or his successors will have to give up the throne. We trust that it will come during the reign of the present emperor, so that he may die with the consciousness of his own frailty against the tide of world sentiment.

THE SCHOOL ORDER.

We believe that the state school department has done wisely in deciding to extend the present holiday vacation in part of the schools for two weeks, or until Jan. 14. The order applies merely to the schools which are housed in buildings heated by coal, those buildings using wood as a fuel to be opened at the originally scheduled date. We are inclined to believe that in the interests of uniformity, for one thing, it would have been better to embrace all the schools of the state in that order—to have them all remain closed until Jan. 14. Moreover, fuel is fuel whether it be coal or wood, and if we draw from the supply of either we are reducing by just so much the total fuel supply of the nation. Wood is a commodity, too, which cannot be burned with reckless abandon even here in Vermont, where the supply is adequate, theoretically, but which, actually, is far below normal. The situation as regards wood is not so bad as it is in relation to coal, but even so we should be willing to sacrifice a little of our school service for the general good. No doubt the communities in which wood is used as fuel in school buildings are just as willing to join in the patriotic sacrifice as the other communities. They ought to be given the chance.

THE WEATHER:

It is a trite thing to talk about or write about the weather; but when the weather, with its present accompaniment of fuel shortage, forces itself on one's attention almost to the exclusion of everything else it is pardonable to consider the atrocious thing in some of its phases, at least. So let us say a word or two about the weather.

To begin with, the month of December, 1917, has been practically half filled with zeros, or worse than zeros. Morning after morning the faithful mercury has recorded temperatures below the great divide. Day after day the people in this northern clime have shivered as the blasts of the Frost King have chased themselves up and down the spinal cord of the human anatomy. Business has been almost stagnated by the intense cold; much suffering has been forced on

human beings and animals; and deep roads have been made into the fuel reserve of an already overstrained nation because of the unprecedented demand. The month, with only occasional streaks of relief, has been such as to try the endurance of the most hardy and the patience of the most long-suffering.

But, as if that were not enough, old winter bore down with an even heavier hand in one great blow of oppression and brought frigid weather such as has not been recalled "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant" (which expression this time embellishes a fact and not a fancy). The closing days of December have been record breakers along the line of intense cold. No longer do we point out the old-fashioned winters as a basis for frightfulness, for we have the most frightful with us at the present juncture. For two days the recording capacity of mercury has been tested to the limit, while so-called spirit thermometers have almost gone out of sight. Man and beast have suffered severely from the cold—at a time, too, which was most inopportune in view of the acute shortage of fuel in many sections and when we should have been practicing conservation to carry us through the winter. But conservation has been forced into the background for the time being as we mortals have jammed the furnaces and the stoves in an effort to battle against the great offensive drive of Gen. Jack Frost. It has been a stern fight indeed, but there is reassurance in the knowledge that this sort of thing cannot last. Nor has our endurance been tried to its utmost limit as yet. It is for us to grin and bear it as best we individually can. Old winter has nothing worse in store for us, we may rest assured.

CURRENT COMMENT

Alien Enemies in Vermont.

There probably is a much smaller proportion of what are classed as alien enemies in Vermont than in almost any other section of the country and there is no occasion for undue nervousness or hysteria over the few cases that have come to light as evidence that there is such an element within our borders. German intrigue is not rampant in Vermont. On the other hand it is difficult to understand why there should be any great leniency or forbearance shown in the treatment of those whose words and actions have clearly shown them to be German sympathizers or possible agents. The case of Professor Appelmann is one where forbearance was exercised far too long. The case of the St. Albans tailor, an alien enemy of German sympathies, arrested a few weeks ago, is now attracting attention, and it is not strange that the federal government's action in directing that he be released on parole should cause surprise among the people of the community where he is best known.

The Russian Peace Offer.

The efficiency of German censorship would be astonishing if no news of political events known throughout Germany could get into Russia. Yet the men who are struggling to keep themselves at the head of affairs in Petrograd show no hesitance with the serious conflict between the German government and the Independent Socialist party. The members of that party are more closely in agreement than any other in Germany with the political principles and objects of those who follow Lenin and Trotsky in Russia. Socialism of the Bolshevik type is not countenanced by the Socialist majority under the leadership of Philip Scheidemann. He and those who act with him in the Reichstag and the country are active supporters and agents of the German autocracy. But the Independents, led by Hugo Haase, who has some of the boldness of Liebknecht, are advocates of social and constitutional reconstruction, with much care for the perpetuation of monarchy or empire.

If the Bolsheviks have any real comrades in Germany, these are they, the men who would try to effect a revolution there if they saw a chance of inducing a sufficient number of the people to overturn the Hohenzollern military machine. Possibly it is because they had begun to plan a rising that hundreds of them were arrested in more than a dozen German cities on Christmas eve by order of the government. With that crushing of heads of the more extreme Socialist section the hope of a German revolution dies. Have not the Petrograd Socialist authorities heard of the affair? They are seemingly either ignorant or regardless, continuing their peace negotiations, not with comrades, but with the autocracy by which the German comrades are imprisoned.

A peace concluded by the parties in these circumstances cannot be a pact of peoples, an agreement securing the adhesion of democratic nations. How far, if at all, the Bolshevik leaders may be playing for the retention of their power it is impossible to say, but with them the astute diplomats of Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria are playing—playing for time, for removal of forces to fight Russia's allies, for control of Russian commerce and industry, for Siberian wheat and Baku oil, and for territorial acquisitions without mention of annexation. Peace will not come to the world through the Bolsheviks. They cry "Peace" for that which can be no peace.

Old King Coal on the Sea.

New York harbor presents an extraordinary spectacle at this time, with 100 steamships aggregating over 1,000,000 of tons gross held back for lack of coal. Every pier in the East and North rivers is occupied, and vessels have to anchor either in the lower bay or up the North river until there is docking room for them. This depletion of congestion in our chief port, which the New York Times sets forth, exhibits a side of the coal demand that must impress everyone.

What such delay means will best be appreciated by scanning the particulars given regarding these ships. "Twenty-two of the detailed steamships are owned by a French company and have been waiting for coal since November 24. They include four ammunition ships. Fif-

teen steamships, ranging from 8,000 to 50,000 gross tons are owned by an Anglo-American corporation, and eight others by a British steamship company. The other vessels are freighters belonging to American, French, Italian and British companies, and a few steamships operated by the United States shipping board in carrying supplies and horses to France."

At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that ships are sailing all the time from our ports as the government provides for the departure of those it desires to have proceed. The condition in New York harbor is valuable by way of illustrating that the coal shortage is not a local issue, as General Hancock termed the tariff question in 1880, but a national problem inclusive in its reach. Even more than that, it has become an international problem since the United States has been called upon so largely to coal the allied nations as well as itself. There has come to be a world-wide community of annoyance in this matter of belated coal supplies, because of the vastly multiplied demand.—Springfield Republican.

Age without Old Age.

In a New England town two ladies died the other day, and the local paper says that "both deaths were due to old age." But one of the ladies had reached the age of 104, and the other only that of seventy-four. Thus, though "old age" is said to have carried them both off, there was in the difference of years between them space enough to include the entire span of the existence of a Keats or a Shelley. The incident proves the extreme variability of that disease—or that fruition and privilege, according as we view it—which we call old age. If age is, as Browning, Walt Whitman and certain other poets would have us regard it, a sort of feast of reflection and harvested experience which rewards us for all our struggles and privations—the "last and best of life, for which the first was made"—it is undoubtedly a movable feast. Movable—but not to be moved by all!

Most of us have known old men, and even old women, who never could have died of old age, because they never had any. They succeeded in moving age along ahead of them, keeping it always at bay with the genial lastingness of their youth, and dying young at last, though full of years. In that sense old age is indeed a disease, but a curable one. With regard to it, the theory of the psychic cure is right; you resolve not to have old age, and you do not have it. And that does not mean that you will not be old. The years are bound to be notched on the stick, whether they show or not. Nor do the conquerors of the years themselves have any occasion to deny them. We had among us, here in Boston, in the person of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a man who, when more than 80 years had rolled over his head, was still young in spirit and in speech, in the quick and keen response of his eye and his tongue, a youth always; yet he could not deny his four score years, and was rather fond of recalling the days of the past. He was demonstrably old—but without age. Another and a more remarkable case of the same sort was that of John Bigelow of New York, who at 94 attended metropolitan receptions alone, in faultless dress and moved about among the youngsters, giving them tit for tat, and proving that his wits were as nimble as theirs, while spinning his yarns of a remote past. More amazing still was the case of Michael Chevreul, one of the most distinguished of French chemists, who at the age of one hundred years had not yet felt the touch of "old age," and who died at one hundred and two in the freshness of his powers, preferably the associate of young men to the last, and the joyous scourge of every sort of charlatanism, yet in 1888 jealous of his fame of 1813.

Such cases prove that though years can not be escaped nor forever dissimulated, old age need nevertheless be averted if we will but make up our mind not to have it. It would be interesting, in passing, to compare the lives and the ways of the two old ladies who died in the village to which we have referred. She who perished of old age at seventy-four must have induced her own malady. We can see her repining, and in her feminine way cursing her old age, even as Mark Twain cursed his at seventy—to die at seventy-five. No doubt she had not the grace which enabled a Higginson, or a Bigelow, or a Chevreul, to prorogue old age from year to year, from decade to decade. It was stronger than her spirit—and at seventy-four she died of it. But we will venture the presumption that the other old lady, she of the 104 years, did not die of old age at all. The diagnosis was false. She had kept the disease off so long that she must have outgrown it. It was something else, unapprehended by her physician, that carried her off at last.—Boston Transcript.

The Sixth Year of the Christmas Club Opened Monday, December 24

You May Join Any Day This Week

TEN different classes—you may begin with 1c, 2c or 5c and increase the same amount each week, or you may reverse the order of payments.

If you desire to pay a regular sum each week, you may pay 25c, 50c, \$1.00 or \$2.00.

Ten days before Christmas we will mail you a check for the amount you have paid in, and if all payments have been made and regularly met, we will add interest at 2 per cent.

This method of saving small sums regularly appeals to all classes of people. If you have never tried this plan, come in and join for 1918.

Everybody Invited to Join—Come in To-day

"The Home of the Christmas Club"

Barre Savings Bank & Trust Co.

Howland Building, Barre, Vt.

F. G. HOWLAND, President

W. A. DREW, Treasurer.

Bank open 9 to 3 o'clock; Monday and Saturday evenings 7 to 8 o'clock



Names of fabrics, list of colors and patterns, a description of styles, would not make interesting reading.

You will find here the fabric, color and patterns you like if you like what is in style to-day.

Suits made to suit you \$20 to \$50.

Overcoats \$20 to \$60.

SPECIAL PRICES

on a few odd lots of holiday goods, now priced 25 per cent. off.

F. H. Rogers & Company

Come in and look over our Bargains

Rogers' Walk-Over Boot Shop

1918 Office Supplies

Irving Pitt Loose Leaf Diaries, General Fireproofing, Safes, Desks and all kinds of filing devices.

See our line of rebuilt Typewriters We can save you money on Typewriters and Supplies.

Drown's Drug Store

The New Year

To those who are now customers of this bank, to those who may some day become customers of this bank and to those also who will never be customers of this bank, we extend best wishes.

Through all the anxious thoughts, through all the tears, through all the suffering and matchless sacrifice, through all the sin and wickedness brought upon us by this war, let us remember, that out of it all, we are getting a clearer perception of right and wrong, a clearer vision of that day when nations shall settle their controversies peaceably and war shall be the empty boast of a lower order of civilization.

That right will ultimately prevail, no man can seriously doubt, so let us pursue our daily duties with the realization that our task is great but with the firm conviction that its accomplishment will bring rewards immeasurably greater.

Peoples National Bank of Barre

BEWARE! MONEY HAS WINGS

Watch a dollar or five-dollar note "DISAPPEAR" after it is "broken." If you'll keep track of the items, you'll find that some were spent for pleasure or other things that you could have EASILY gone without. Our

Thrift Club

teaches you the habit of protecting your future health, wealth and happiness by systematic saving—putting small sums at interest regularly. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 or \$2.00 deposited weekly will give you a neat sum with no hardships on your part.

QUARRY SAVINGS BANK

BARRE, VT. & TRUST CO.

BEN A. EASTMAN, Pres. A. P. ABBOTT, Vice-Pres. C. M. WILLEY, Treas. DIRECTORS—Ben A. Eastman, J. M. Boutwell, W. G. Reynolds, A. P. Abbott, H. F. Cutler, W. H. Miles, E. L. Scott, H. J. M. Jones, B. W. Hooker, H. H. Jackson.

Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company

of Montpelier, Vt.

Age, Eighty-Nine Years

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Membership - - - 46,000

Policies written under Mutual or Paid-Up Plan at actual cost—no profit

If you are seeking Insurance, see our Local Agent.

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If you haven't all the business you want, advertise in The Times.

Rexall Syrup Hypophosphite

will tone up your system and make you able to withstand the cold winter weather—\$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup

is guaranteed to relieve you of that persistent cough or your money refunded—25c and 50c.

The Red Cross Pharmacy